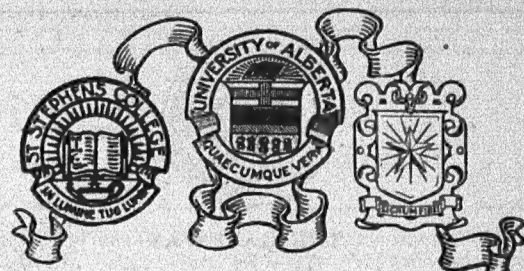


The Gateway



VOL. XIX, No. 12.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1929

SIX PAGES

Scientists to Have Ten-Year Rest is Decision of Debate

Humor of Visiting Debaters is Feature of Evening—Audience and Judges Both Give Verdict in Favour of Australians

Whether or not it is good form to laugh in church is a matter for some future debate. But it certainly was done on Friday night during the course of the debate between the Australian University team and the Varsity—and done frequently.

The subject chosen for the debate, "Resolved that scientists should take a ten-year holiday," which Australia defended, allowed unusual scope for humour. Wit, pungent and punitive, came fast and furious throughout the evening.

A Warning

Dr. Wallace, the chairman for the evening, in introducing the subject of the debate and the debaters put in a word of caution against saying anything derogatory concerning the harbor of Sydney, from whence the Antipodeans hailed.

The first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. Godsall, opened his remarks with an appreciation of the reception given him and his comrades. Then he proceeded to attack the subject. "We do not discount science altogether," he said. "It is all right as a servant of man, but it must be kept in its place as a subordinate. Human life of today is being injured by the influence of science. The world is becoming a factory and man a machine."

Quoting Henry Ford's statement that he would sooner see factories than colleges—made in Oxford, of all places—he attacked the trend to materialism that was crushing out the spiritual things of life.

The Worship of Speed

A certain form of spirituality remained—we do worship speed. (Doubtless Henry has a hand in this, too.) The pagan of man has deteriorated to a race of races. Ask a girl to go for a walk—and she asks what kind of a car it is. Counter lunches—an abomination to man. Motor hearses—and people dying to ride in them.

He satirized the trend to specialization. "From thought to naught, as the factory would do to any man. The gentleman of light car fame came in again for some more satirical attention over his theories. "Modern science is full of disrupting tendencies. Look at what they have dared attack! Kissing has come under the ban. Because—well, because one should have one's lips smeared with iodine, if you would do it safely. (Who wouldn't take a chance?) Handshaking is taboo. Paper money, fortunately hard to obtain, constitutes a grave menace. Meat is also under the ban."

"These disturbing tendencies serve to rob a man of his humanity, and the world of its beauty, making the world a factory and man a machine."

The Australian Crawl

Don Mackenzie, as leader of the negative, opened his remarks by pointing out the debt that the Australians owed to science in the vessel that had brought them to America. "There was, of course, another alternative that you might have used the Australian crawl." (Laughter.)

He deprecated the air of gloom that the preceding speaker had imparted to the meeting. He seemed to consider that it was all riot with the world. Reverting to the problem of factory labour, they allowed a man much more time to himself than was possible in other walks of life.

Social science was only beginning to receive its due attention. Science is the only weapon with which drawbacks could be combated.

War

He then gave his attention to the new phases of offensive warfare that had arisen. To abolish science now could not correct the situation that exists, which is capable of carnage beyond the wildest dreams of bloodshed. It is fear of war and its consequences that will restrain nations.

The present need was too great to allow scientists to take a rest. There was no time to lose, they must go on, for our very lives depend upon it.

"Tonight You Belong to Me"

Mr. Sheldon, speaking in support of the affirmative, convulsed the audience with a naive story of tuxedos—

and what they sometimes mean.

Referring to Mr. Mackenzie's argument he said that they clearly proved science was a potential murderer, in that it had produced weapons that could destroy nations.

Medicine had advanced in a peculiar fashion. Not merely has science gone far enough in the matter of cures, but it has overstepped and begun to look for diseases to fit the cures. "It is better in these times to bear what pills we have, than to fly to others of which we know not."

Science is a tinkering with the facts of life. Witness Voronoff, in his efforts to lengthen life—yet at the same time they are leaving us nothing worth living for. The most dignified modern thing is a corpse.

Science and Illusion

Illusion is the spice of life. It is better to see things as they should be, than as they are. Science has taken the romance out of life. Here we are, learning that the pig, embryonically, is closest to the human type. But does that make us any happier?

Science to a large extent has undermined religion. Marriage today is becoming regarded as a temporary affair. All that a woman requires in the way of a trousseau is a wedding-gown, a going-away costume, and a divorce suit. Domestic activities have been reduced to a minimum, and women, with nothing else to do, promptly get themselves into all kinds of mischief. They are even encroaching into politics, which in the past has only attracted the best men that money could buy. Scientific thought was behind home-brewing, and look what a mess it made of it?

Kenny Speaks

Ken Mackenzie put a couple of straightforward questions to the visitors regarding certain phenomena that he has heard of. Then asked if the removal of science would improve any of the conditions that he had heard of. He for one had failed to see how a golden age would be achieved by such a measure as was suggested.

"It is easier to talk of the old days than it is to enjoy them. The sum of good far outshines the sum of evil springing from science. To stop now would be to leave the work half done. Science dominates all factors in the betterment of the human race. Should we lose it we are as helpless as if we had lost our arms and legs."

Surrender would be the first step in the ultimate extinction of the race. There is the menace of the lower forms of life that must be combated. These are foes who will not hear of truce. "Mankind, with the aid of the one weapon, science, is advancing."

In the rebuttal, Mr. Godsall triumphantly referred to the "serious misrepresentation" which has delivered our Highland enemies into our hands. The gross distortion within his remarks was absolutely typical of science as we attacked it.

All in all, the basic and fundamental element of life was the human element, and science was planning to replace it with a mechanical monstrosity.

The Decision

At the close of the debate a vote was taken among the audience. The ballots were counted while the judges were deciding on the verdict. The result of the judges' decision, given after the count of the votes was taken, gave the visitors the victory by three votes against two. The vote among the audience gave Australia 486 against a tally of 274 for the local men.

The judges were: The Hon. Mr. Justice Ford, His Honour Judge Morrison, Hon. J. F. Lymburn, K.C., J. M. Imrie, and J. A. Fife.

MATH CLUB

The first meeting of the Math Club in 1929 will be held on Tuesday, Jan. 22, in Arts 239. Mr. A. E. Rosborough will give a paper, "Teaching of Algebra and Trigonometry."

LE PROF. ALEXANDER AU CERCLE FRANCAIS

Interessante causerie sur "André Marois, interprète des Anglais"

Il est intéressant de voir un anglais parler en français d'un français, "interprète des Anglais." C'est ce qui a eu lieu mercredi soir à la réunion du cercle français. Dans un excellent français—chose qui ne doit plus nous surprendre; il y a tant d'anglais qui apprennent le français et qui le parlent très bien—le Professeur Alexander "égaya" le Cercle pendant une heure. Au Cercle on prend trop les sérieux, dit-il, je ne veux pas vous amélérer mais vous égayer.

Le professeur présente André Marois, l'interprète des Anglais, en se servant comme préface de quelques-uns de ses livres. André Marois, mieux connu par son pseudonyme, Aurèle, nous donne dans la plupart de ses romans une étude amusante du caractère anglais. Aurèle, l'auteur, fait un parallèle entre l'anglais, cet homme réfléchi et calme, et le français, ce caractère enflammé, nerveux et bouillant, pendant la Grande Guerre. Pour illustrer le type anglais, l'auteur contraste l'homme d'Etat, d'Israëli et le poète, Sherry. "En peignant la vérité," dit Aurèle, on doute l'amitié."

Puis le Professeur Alexander parla de la vie de Marois comme étudiant. "Il sera, dit-il, toujours remarqué par ses jurons dans la langue de Shakespeare." Aurèle constate que les universités d'Oxford de Cambridge et tous les autres collèges ou universités ont pour but non pas d'instruire, mais d'enseigner des préjugés.

Enfin, le professeur termine son intéressante causerie par un éloge de l'anglais. "L'anglais de toute classe est un 'Lord' et un 'gentleman' et à toutes ces qualités il ajoute celle de bon sportsman."

Ag Notes

Sidelights of a Plant Breeders' Tour—The Undergrad, Feb. 8

Dr. Aamodt, one of America's leading plant geneticists, piloted the good ship Agriculture in an interesting 45 minute jaunt through Europe on Friday afternoon. Travelling away from the hurly-burly mob of tourists, we had time to learn something of the customs and ideals of the peoples of those lands.

A short stop with Percival, author of "The Wheat Plant," and a walk through his gardens, where every species of wheat known to botanists may be seen growing, gave us some appreciation of his extensive experimental work.

Only once did we wander, and that was to cruise up the coast of Norway. Three hundred miles north of the tree line we sighted the world's most northerly park. So proud are the "lagers of this asset they have enclosed the four dwarf trees like shrubs in an iron railing.

The ship safely landed the club resorted to a few minutes' business. Many and serious were the discussions that followed. The reason: out of a flood of orders from seeming dictators and the buzz of committees in session, the writer gleans one important note—the Undergrad is to be February 8th. From one corner he hears "bigger and better"; from another corner, "watch for an announcement"; from a third group the low tones are almost beyond deciphering. He strains an ear in that direction—"color, subdued light." It is the scheme of decoration. He leans farther forward. But at that moment someone is heard to say 6:25, and we sit in five minutes. More anon.

PHILOSOPH

The fourth members' meeting of the Philosophical Society will be held in Room 142, Medical Building, Wednesday, January 23rd, at 5 p.m. Lecturer: Miss J. F. Montgomery. Subject: "Mary Webb, a Literary Artist."

Tea will be served at 4:30 in Room 136, Medical Building.

DEBATE HERE TOMORROW



GREVILLE ROWLAND



DENIS MURPHY

Who will meet our debaters in Convocation Hall tomorrow night.

McGoun Cup Will Be Contested By Debaters Tomorrow Evening

Alberta Has Two Teams in Field—Surplis and Wershof Meet Saskatchewan at Saskatoon—Hopkins and Gibbs Meet U.B.C. Here

Tomorrow evening two intervarsity debates are scheduled, one here and one at Saskatoon. Alberta will meet B.C. in Convocation Hall, while at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan will provide another of Alberta's picked teams with strong opposition. Followers of the Solonistic pastime cannot afford to miss the encounter with B.C. Varsity, in which two imposing teams of first-class orators will cross words in what bids fair to be a landmark in our debating history. Hopkins and Gibbs are the luminaries who will attempt to convince the hope of B.C. that "A Quota System of Immigration Should be Adopted by Canada."

And they are a worthy pair of debaters. Each is possessed of a remarkable platform personality and a natural speaking ability which is unforced and pleasant. Dry, pertinent humor characterizes their style, while logic is to the fore in all their arguments. The debating society feels confident that with such a force in the field the outcome of tomorrow evening's debate is almost assured. A large crowd is expected to attend, and a good seat. A word to the wise is sufficient.

No less important an encounter will at the same hour be occurring in Saskatoon. Here an invincible Alberta team, comprised of Messrs. Wershof and Surplis, will be joyfully

engaged in proving to Saskatchewan debaters the negative truth of the aforementioned argument. Both gentlemen are capable of producing a very convincing "line," which they deliver with an easy platform grace guaranteed to disconcert the most stout-hearted opposition. These men do not stop to mere argument; explanation is their forte, and they explain with a clear and concise forcefulness which leaves no doubt in the mind of every listener as to the validity of their logic.

These then are Alberta's contenders for the McGoun Cup, which is the trophy awarded to the winner of the Debating League among the four western universities. Tomorrow evening's debates will comprise Alberta's part in the league schedule this season. According to the arrangements of the League, each University contends with only two of the others in a season, and it so happens that Manitoba is not directly opposing us this year. This will be the sixth round of competition for the possession of the McGoun Cup. Alberta has held it for one year, Manitoba for two years, and Saskatchewan for the last two seasons. With a subject of interest to all, picked to pieces by four experienced and capable speakers, all those attending tomorrow's debate are assured of a highly delightful and profitable evening's entertainment.

The Possibilities of Interplanetary Communication

Evolution has always led upwards and outwards, from the depths of the seas as an amoeba to the top of the world as a Lindbergh. At last man has within his grasp the means for breaking through the barrier of the atmosphere and becoming a satellite, a moving part of a moving universe. The time has come when he may rise to undreamed-of heights. The cry of exploration is no longer "Westward Ho" and "Upward Ho." Great writers and master minds have applied themselves to the fascinating theme of story and the problems involved in interplanetary travel. Wells, Neine, Buchan—these and countless others have wound romance about the basic idea of crossing space. It is the nature of man to desire freedom, even to the extent of breaking away from mother earth.

We have spoken of the writers of fiction, the men who stirred other

men to think of interplanetary communication in a practical way. A great deal of praise for any advance along these lines is due to them. After all, the imagination is the main factor in leading up to any scientific achievement. As Huxley once put it, "Those who refuse to go beyond fact, seldom get as far as fact." It must be admitted that some writers had entirely impracticable ideas. Wells, for instance, in his "Trip to the Moon," made use of a metal called ludite, which cut off the force of gravity, thus allowing the machine to leave the earth, which is, of course, contrary to all natural laws. It was Verne who came nearest to our present conclusions: that the best principle for an astronautic vehicle is that of the rocket. The rocket has a very ancient history. The Chinese knew the principle and made use of it. The theory of the rocket is simply this: if the gases from some form of explosion are concentrated at the base of the cylinder in which they are exploded they have a tendency to push that cylinder forward. The boy who does any shooting will know this from the "kick" of a gun. He will also remember the higher powered the explosive and the more the shot is concentrated, or choked, the greater is the "kick." Our coast defense guns are a very good example of this. These gigantic guns drive themselves back into a pit, so great is their kick backwards. Most people think these escaping gases must have a medium such as air to push back on, but in this view they are entirely incorrect. An object may travel "in

Did You See—?

Bill Lantz taking his morning plunge into a snow-bank on Monday. Don Sproule dashing madly from the rink to the organ recital Sunday afternoon. Theo Hopkins begging for a car ride at Steen's while waiting for the street car last week. Dean Munroe being ushered out of Pembina by the night watchman at a late hour a few nights ago (the author escaped the horny hands). Pat Terrell expressing the fact that it is a hard life. Bill Foster careening on his car at the rink. Anna Wilson acting as chief ranger of the student clan. Vada McMahon hugging the professors at the basketball game Thursday. Herb Newcombe chopping things up in the stiff lab. on Monday. Mona MacLeod spreading rays of sunshine around the halls. Tom Stanley deciding to reserve a table for the rest of the year at the Tuck. Jack Kinnear taking heed of the army's warning. Olive Oke entering the Dean's office on very urgent business last Friday. Charlie Stauffer settling down to sleep in the Pembina rotunda. Doris Courtney arrived some time later. And we forgot to say that Doris Calhoun was following Vada's bad example. "Skivers" Edwards dining overtown Sunday evening with a lady friend. Aleck McDonald spending caution money in the Chem. lab.

vacuo" by this principle. This is one of Newton's laws, "Every action is accompanied by an equal and opposite reaction," regardless of a vacuum.

In 1919 Prof. Robert H. Goddard, of Clark University, started to experiment with the modern rocket in a vacuum. He even planned to direct one towards the moon, equipped with a magnesium flare to signal on reaching its destination. At that time, unfortunately, he was not taken seriously. Interest was revived in the spring of this year. The cause for this was the discovery and building of a rocket driven automobile. The inventor is a German, Van Ofel. His remarkable car accelerates from 0 to 62 miles per hour in two seconds, an unprecedented accomplishment. A similar car was then put on a train track and reached the amazing speed of 160 miles an hour. Remember it was running on trolley-wheels and weighted down! The rocket principle was next applied to the airplane. The Roab Katzenstein Company of Germany is now building several rocket planes, which will travel between Europe and America in approximately four hours.

We, wretched mortals, now look to the real genius, Prof. Goddard, to tell us what to do next. He tells us there are first many mechanical difficulties to overcome, but when our engineers concentrate on them as they did on the internal combustion engine, they will soon be eliminated. One trouble is the lack of a smokeless powder, which, of course, means waste, through incomplete combustion. The pictures of Von Opel's rocket car in action show only a very small portion of car. The remainder is enveloped in clouds of smoke. A very great advantage would be to have a liquid for the explosive. It could thus be much more easily stored. The trouble is that our best liquid explosive, nitro-glycerine, is too easily exploded. Dynamite is apparently the best high-explosive we have yet for the purpose. The idea of using such powerful explosives may at first seem fantastic, but it is no more so than the idea of exploding gasoline vapour in an engine. The advantage of the rocket is that it requires no pistons, connecting rods, transmission gears, or other paraphernalia usually associated with an engine. The principle is entirely different. The explosion takes place in a metal tube or cylinder, the gases being forced out through a funnel. These are fired electrically. A very good system would be to have each explosive in its own shell or cylinder with, let us say, a hundred cylinders in a section. Each explosive would fire successively until a section was empty. Then this section would be automatically released.

Next to be considered are the problems from the astronomer's standpoint. If anyone could attain the speed of 800 miles per hour one would be immediately released from the gravitational pull of the earth. One would first have to rise slowly above the atmosphere, for the friction between the air and the vehicle, going at this tremendous speed, would burn it to a cinder. The moon is about thirty diameters away from the earth, or to be exact, 238,862 miles. Will the human body be able to stand it, is the next question that arises. Undoubtedly yes, the body could endure a speed of several thousand miles per hour, for it is not the speed, but the acceleration, that has the bad effect. If the rocket were to go slowly for any appreciable distance, it would a great deal of advantage. In Von Opel's car a cat was a passenger, and when the car left the tracks, the cat was found killed. Whether the acceleration or the crash killed the cat could not be determined.

In the Middle Ages, man looked upon space as an inverted bowl with the stars imprinted upon it; the earth he considered to be the foundation of the universe; later, he advanced enough to recognize it as a very minute point in space. We hope that in the future what he recognized in theory, he will be able to realize in fact.—College Times.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT MILITARY TRAINING SHOULD BE OFFERED IN PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS?

C. Bennett, Arts '30 and Law '32: Ask Kaiser Bill, retired. He ought to know.

J. M. Stedd, B.Sc.: Yes, for the sake of physical development, personal protection, and national safety, I heartily favour military training in high and public schools.

Mary Scofield, Med '31: Until man learns not to fight in wars, perhaps he'd better learn how to fight in them.

V. I. MacLaren, Sci.: An equal amount of money spent on physical training for the object of body-building would develop a better citizenship than military training does.

Mae Massie, Arts '29: Yes, let the boys learn to look handsome in uniforms.

S. V. Allen, Com. '31: Not as bad as church conventions would have us believe!

G. F. Paddon, Com. '31: I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

Connie Smith, Arts '30: No; because it does not include either a thorough physical or mental training—just a weak stab at both.

J. E. Carson, Dent. '30: Yes; because it aids one physically.

Jean Black, Arts '30: Yes; it teaches the boys to do as they're told—good training for future husbands.

Bob Hill, Com. '29: Yes; my experience with it has done me no harm.



MAX WERSHOF

Who will lead the debate against Saskatchewan.



JACK HOPKINS

Who, with Eric Gibbs, will speak here tomorrow.

NOTICE

There will be no issue of The Gateway next week. By agreement with the Students' Union, The Gateway contracts to publish twenty issues a year. This necessitates that we miss an occasional week.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

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WHAT IS RELIGION?

Mr. W. S. Sheldon, at the Australian Debate on Friday night, said that science was gradually destroying religion. May we presume to put in our oar, and say that if by religion Mr. Sheldon meant the creeds, dogmas, denominations and terrible superstitions which, even today, take to themselves the name of religion, our answer to the charge that science is destroying them is, absolutely and unequivocally—"Thank God." Man's progress towards the millenium is today, though not as much as in past ages, still being retarded by religion as popularly known, religion which creates its own gods out of desire or fear, and proceeds to worship them, condemning disbelievers to eternal damnation, and forgetting that God is far, far above the human attributes of love or revenge, and—very likely—even above thought; unknowable, whatever else.

If, however, Mr. Sheldon meant by religion man's noble search after Truth, we must dispute him, and say that science is the one thing on earth which leads men to a closer approximation of that Truth. In that sense, science does not destroy religion; it opens up the way for it. Science does not mechanize thought, kill idealism; the Renaissance, the loftiest period of idealism in history, was the child of science. So it always is, always will be.

As a concluding thought: the writer was recently accused of being irreligious, because he disbelieved in the gods of his fathers. The accusation hurt him, almost embittered him. If a contempt for the orthodox religions of today is a criterion of irreligion, then we say it is well to be irreligious; if, however, a genuine, honest search for the Truth is the hall-mark of religion, we claim to be as religious as any man we know.

OUR NEIGHBOURS AND OUR KING

Among the many interesting and instructive experiences which the three visitors from Australia who were with us last week shared on their debating tour, one has come to our hand of particular interest. It happened that during a night which they spent in a certain mid-western city of the United States, the illness of King George was particularly serious; he was in such great danger that it seemed quite possible that the next of the bulletins which were being sent out at regular intervals would announce his death. About midnight some go-getter reporter saw a chance for a profitable piece of news. He got the information of the latest bulletin, rushed to the hotel at which our friends were staying, found them in their room, told them the news, listened attentively to the appropriate comments they made, offered to telephone them as soon as the next bulletin came out, took his hat, and departed. The next day there appeared in the city newspaper, on the first page, with striking headlines, a news-story relating how a reporter had seen the "three Britishers, separated from their king by an ocean and half a continent," up long after midnight, praying for their king. After distorting their simple and natural comments to expressions of the deepest grief and mentioning that some one from the city had once shaken hands with the king, the report concluded with the touching statement that all through the debate in which they were to take part the following day the minds of the three Britishers would not be on the subject, but far away at the bedside of their king.

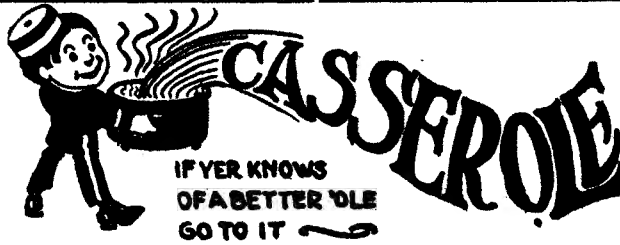
The report was, of course, a typical piece of journalistic hokey. But it nevertheless reflects very nicely the Usanian attitude to us. The paper reports what its buyers will read, and its buyers read what they would like to believe. For certainly there is little fact behind any reports of our grief at the danger of our king; if anything, we were too callous, and the Australians say the same of themselves, in the face of the impending death of a man who has spent his life in our service, and who has spent it well.

But, as the acute intellect of one of our visitors plainly perceived, the Usanian public has never forgotten that it has broken away from a monarchical system. It is proud of that fact; it likes to reiterate it; it would like to believe that those people who did not break away with them now suffer under a tyrannous government as regal, as despotic, and as oppressive as they thought it was when they cast its shackles off. They are surprised that we do not envy them. They are enraged when facts show that they are bound to a constitution that admits of no improvement, good or bad; they are indignant at the suggestion that facts show that our flexible constitution allows unlimited advance with time and with thought. And finally, they console themselves by trumping up reasons to pity us, poor unfortunate, enslaved, benighted subjects, who still manifest a moving but ridiculous and incomprehensible affection for the despot at Westminster.

BOXING AND WRESTLING CLUB

In times gone by one of the most enterprising and beneficial fields of athletic activity at this institution was that provided by the Boxing and Wrestling Club. The annual tournament was one of the principal events of the year, and besides being a good evening's entertainment for the spectators, provided an excellent motive for large numbers of students to conscientiously train and exercise during the long winter months, when such activities are especially necessary and peculiarly lacking.

For some unknown reason the "manly art" seems to have fallen into the discard. The prevalence of



Periodically Cass gets slams from friends (?), who doubtless think Romeo requires systematic jacking-up. Says one:

Oh, Romeo, your jokes don't fizz,
Nor even faintly bubble;
Unless you show that you're a whiz,
You'll land a peck o' trouble.

—Frances Wett.

Dear Frances Wett, you make me sigh,
Although you are a charging lass,
I think you'd better read "Pig's Eye,"
If you can't get a kick from Cass.

—Romeo.

Herb Morris is an inquisitive lad, and it wasn't surprising to hear him ask Harold the other day just how many calories the soup contained. Harold was ready for him though.

"There ain't none, smarty," he said. "This is a clean place of eat."

Inquisive Young Thing: "Why don't your socks stay up?"

Collegiate Casey: "Because they haven't garter."

Rules for women at the Undergrad:

(1) Accept three or four offers to take you. One is sufficient, but it pays to keep 'em guessing.

(2) Don't bother about an evening gown. Just wear a kimono, or any old thing.

(3) Don't dance with the fellows your escort has signed up. They like a girl who maintains her independence.

(4) At leaving-time, ask a chaperon to come along. This will please your escort, for he'll know that you're a very proper young lady.

(5) When you say good-night to the male, tell him that you had a wonderful time, but you had a better time at the Junior Prom. This will make him feel that he was justified in spending his money on you.

Rules for men at the same affair:

(1) Don't buy your tickets in advance. The committee usually gets stuck with some, and they give these away.

(2) Wait until the morning before the dance before inviting your girl. Being modern, she likes to be surprised.

(3) When you invite her, explain that the expenses are Dutch treat. Being a supporter of equal suffrage, she'll be glad to share half the expense.

(4) If you haven't a woman, come stag. The other fellows always like to have the stags cut in, so they can take a rest.

(5) Don't take your own girl home. Hand her over to a stag and grab off a chaperon. Your girl will feel complimented by seeing how you trust her. Besides, the chaperons are older and more experienced.

The above rules are recommended more particularly to Senior eds and co-eds who have forgotten the rules of etiquette which they knew so well during their first year at Varsity.

Now for some more local news.

When approached last week by Casserole's representative in regard to what is his opinion of the flap- per as a rule, Mr. Paul Gishler replied: "A very bad one to follow."

When a girl says "You flatter me"—do so.

And now Herb Hutton wants to know who this girl Excess is that the fellows are all drinking to.

The Whiskered Men's Club of Rumpus Ridge has a fitting safety razor password: "Gillette me have that Gem?"

Reward!

A liberal reward will be paid to anyone giving evidence leading to the arrest of the miscreant who picked the third lock of the Suez Canal.

Rip Van Winkle tottered home after his twenty-year absence: "Well, my dear, did you finally get registered for the courses you want?" asked his wife.

"Look, Tevy, I weigh three pounds more than you do."

"Aw, you're cheating! You've got your hands in your pockets."

This one wasn't so well blocked: She (head on his shoulder): "Your shoulder is so soft."

He: "So is your head."

And here's where I go to commune with Pat and Mike, the original gals of laughter.

ROMEO.

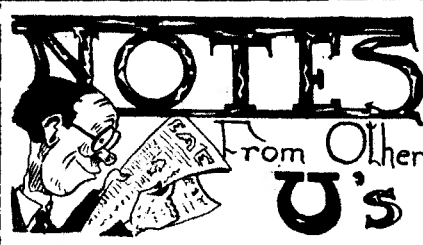
good material amongst the student body, however, and their avowed desire to participate in such activities, leads us to wonder if the reason for the seeming apathy is nothing more or less than lack of organization and leadership.

Last year we did not have a meet; nothing has apparently been done this year; action seems necessary; what about it?

THE CORE OF THE THING

The core of the thing, that is what we want to see when we take a cross section of college life. To find the innate principles college students cherish we must cut through the foppery of caste which invariably grows up wherever a large group of people congregate and form customs. We must cut through the overbearing, swaggering, light-thoughted opinion some people have of college students to find the real college student.

Then when you have impartially cut through the fungi and hold the real college student before you for study, you can find what actuates him to deviltry, such as may be; his studious verbosity should he give



"What made you a millionaire?"
"Why wife."
"Ah, her tasteful help—"
"Nothing like that. I was simply curious to know if there was any income she couldn't live beyond."—Bradley Tech.

We are pleased to learn that Archie Grace, our Rhodes scholar of last year, was a member of the Oxford team which toured Europe recently. Archie played interfaculty hockey while at Saskatchewan and played for the dark blue lineup for Oxford. The team was captained by a Canadian, Clarence Campbell of Alberta, also a Rhodes scholar. Turnbull of Manitoba, who is no doubt known to many, officiated in the capacity of Custodian of the Cage.

The team commenced their tour on Dec. 12th and included the following cities in their itinerary: Paris, Munich, Vienna, Budapest and St. Moritz.

The invasion ended on Jan. 10th and the players disbanded. It is understood that the team met with a fair measure of success against their European opponents.—The Sheaf.

Ron Martland is also a member of the team.

Directly after the war there was organized in European and American colleges a fund which would help those students who had been impoverished to attain a university education. This became known as the International Student Service, to which colleges still send yearly contributions.

At the present time conditions have so improved on the continent that only a small part of the sum goes towards the direct maintenance of individual students at universities. The function of the I.S.S. have today so broadened that in Paris it has been able to establish student restaurants, a lodging and employment bureau and medical services for nominal sums. Similar work is being undertaken in other countries. Too much cannot be said in regard to the internationalizing work that it is doing.—McGill Daily.

Jim Smith grew a moustache, 'Neath his patrician beak; He grew it on the instalment plan, A little down each week.

This year the Western Universities Debating team travels on its eastern tour for the first time. This project is under the N.F.C.U.S., and is for the better acquaintance of the western university students with their eastern fellows. The team, consisting of Mr. Nelson Chapell, representative of the University of Alberta and the leader of the team; Mr. Masterton, representative of the University of British Columbia, and Mr. MacKenzie, representative of the University of Saskatchewan, will assemble at Saskatoon on January 23rd, and will debate in Regina on January 25th, on the subject, "Resolved that the invention of machinery has done more harm than good."

Columbia recognizes Three Types of Students

Columbia College has altered its curriculum so that students are divided into three classes with regard to the quality of their work and are not regarded as potential students, according to the annual report of Dean Herbert E. Hawkes, issued recently by President Nicholas Murray Butler. The new system has been adopted after a year of study by the Committee on Instruction.

The student body is now considered as being formed of separate groups with special needs, and not a single group with kindred capacity and purpose. The theory that all college courses should be wholly adapted to the scholarly type of student mind, and that the degree should be conferred upon the basis of a comprehensive examination, is now discarded as fallacious, according to the report.

The new curriculum recognizes three types of students. There are those who are looking forward to a professional school, and who are pointing their entire college work toward a broad and comprehensive preparation for a life of professional usefulness. Then there are the students who by temperament and ambition are scholars, and for whom the most effective college course is the one which gives them the opportunity to go far toward the bottom of some field of scholarly interest. There also also those whose best intellectual development is not obtained through research work, or even through "search work" of the kind encouraged by seminars and intensive attention to the cultivation of a narrow field.

The solution of the problem of the first two collegiate years hinges upon the organization of a program permitting the student to make a wide survey of various fields of intellectual interests, in order that he may determine the direction he should finally take.—Wesleyan Argus.

way to youthful oratory; or his steadfast worth, should he toil stoically away.

Of course he may drink a little. You point to great government officials with pride, but perhaps they drink a little too. The thing that hurts most critics is that the college student seems to care little for the opinion they may have of him, either in his achievements or his weaknesses. But cut through to the core of his actions and study with him through long tiresome hours as well as dwell with gossip on his revels and perhaps you can form the correct opinion of the college man or college woman. . . .

But do people always wish to give the other fellow, college student or not, the fair observation? Are they not a little prone to jump at conclusions which

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The Board of Management of the Tea Research Institute of Ceylon (incorporated under Ceylon Ordinance 12 of 1925) invite applications for the post of Director of the Institute.

Candidates must possess first class scientific qualifications and should preferably have had experience in the administration of a Research station. Agreement will be for a period of four years with options for renewal. Salary £1,350 rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,500, convertible at fifteen rupees to the pound sterling. The Board make a contribution to the Ceylon Planters' Provident Society equivalent to 5% of the salary of the officer, who will himself be required to contribute a like amount. Free quarters, furnished with heavy furniture, or an allowance in lieu will be provided. Free first class passage (non-mail) will be provided for the officer and his family (not exceeding four persons in all). Leave and travelling allowances in Ceylon will be in accordance with Government regulations. The selected candidate will be required to pass a strict medical examination before appointment.

Applications, in triplicate, marked **Ceylon Tea Research Institute**, must be sent before January 31st, 1929, to the Director, Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, Surrey, who will furnish further particulars, if required.

Cabled applications from applicants overseas will be considered provided that the applications in writing are received at Kew not later than February 15th, 1929.

give them room for a bit of censure, just or unjust? Editorials were written by the waste-basketful about bobbed hair some years ago and now they defend it. Short skirts received the derision of a nation, and now they are pointed to as sensible and sanitary in contrast with the old street-sweeping skirts of yesterday.

It's all but a bit of talk for the day. Sensible people do not censure unjustly. When they do, their opinions cut to the quick. The worth-while college student never suffered from these just critics and never will.

Boiled down, it is just a matter of cutting through to the core of the situation before forming your opinion. The rot that seems to be on top may have rubbed off another apple in the lot. Be sure.

"The Log of a Radioman"

A. SOU'WESTER
By Percy A. Field

(The following is an extract from a letter dated November 30th, 1924, and addressed to my parents at Edmonton.)

When I wrote the preceding section of this letter, we were cruising through the West Indies, and the weather was extremely warm. There is a vast difference now. Yesterday, we ran into a rip-snotter of a gale, and it has turned very cold. We had to turn the steam through the radiators to keep warm. I came into my cabin to find the seas coming through my port in great style. My bunk was soaking wet, and the furnishings were floating about on the floor. I closed the port, but I had to sleep on a wet bed. Although I piled all available blankets, coats and sweaters on myself I kept waking up. I was cold, and the wet bed didn't help matters any.

Last night I had to go aft and get the names of those members of the crew who are signing off at Halifax. There is an open stretch of about four hundred feet between our quarters and the crew's mess aft. When about half-way along the flying bridge, a huge wave broke over the decks. I managed to clear the main part of it, but received a cold salt bath at that.

After getting the required information, I stopped for some time to yarn with the engineers, and then started forward again. By this time the waves were mountainous, and the decks were awash. I waited until the ship rolled to port (the seas were coming over the starboard side), and then made a run for it. I got half-way along the flying bridge, when back she rolled to starboard. Having visions of getting washed overboard into the briny, I grabbed the rail with both hands and feet and held on. When I got back the officers jokingly asked me where I had been swimming. "Oh," I said, "I just swam ashore to New York, and got damp coming back."

This is the life! I wish you were here to see this vessel as she is now. One can't see the decks at all, as they are under water all the time. She resembles a submarine. All one can see is a funnel sticking up aft, the three masts and the bridge.

The waves appear to be at least fifty feet high. Although the Radio room is about forty-five feet above the normal water line, the seas are breaking right over it. And we certainly are rolling and pitching. The ship stands up on her bow one minute, then flips back on her stern the next, while at the same time she rolls about thirty degrees or more each way. One has to be an acrobat to keep an even keel this weather. You can imagine my difficulties in

writing this letter. To stay in this chair at all I have to wind my legs around the desk, and hang on with my left hand, and teeth. I heard a heavy crash a minute ago; apparently a flock of dishes have fallen out of the racks in the pantry. While eating dinner a lot of the dishes slipped off the table, and my tea-cup (full of tea) found a comfortable resting-place in my lap. The mate tells me that a wave last night went right over the mainmast, the top of which is about one hundred and seventy-five feet above the Plimsall mark (water line). I think that it must have been the spray from the wave, however.

Darn! I just got tipped out of my chair onto the wet floor. They say go to sea and see the world through a porthole, but just now my porthole is under water.

About 7:30 the night before last, IWT, an Italian ship, the Castlepianzo, sent out S.O.S. calls. The coastguard cutters and naval stations immediately sent out QRT (international signal for all communication to cease), and everybody immediately stopped sending. The Castlepianzo was about six hundred miles east of us. I was unable to find out what was the trouble with her, but several ships, much closer to her than we were, went to her aid.

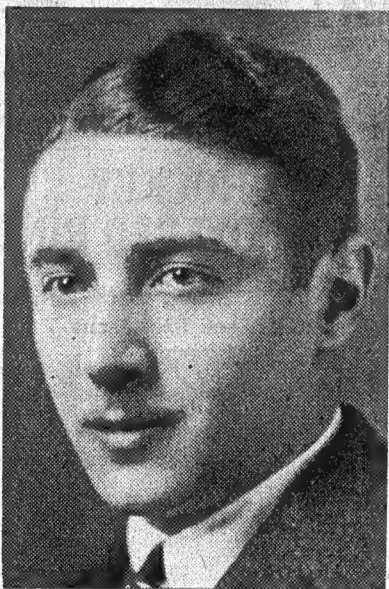
We expect to arrive at Halifax about two on the morning of December first if all goes well. We are two days late now, but the heavy seas have cut down our speed to eight knots. The Old Man (Captain) is rather doubtful about our position now as he can't get a sight (bearing) from the clouds. The chief engineer gets a big kick out of kidding the skipper. He is doing so now. He tells the Old Man that he (the O.M.) doesn't know the way to Halifax, and that we will probably land up in Australia in a few days. But the O.M. holds that we can't do that because he distinctly remembers passing through the Panama Canal.

I just went out and tried to take some photographs, but I don't expect them to turn out well, as it is too dull. I had some fun taking them though. It's a queer sensation to be down in the valleys between the waves and to watch a wave which appears to be almost a mile high coming toward one, and then roll right over the ship. Sometimes one thinks that he is never coming up again. Then again, the ship balances on the crest of a huge wave, slides over, and then rushes down into the valley. There's a terrific jar; and swish, it seems as though the whole North Atlantic is roaring over one.

The third engineer has just come along from aft, after fighting his way along the flying bridge. He reports four ports smashed and the after deck house going fast. He says it will be carried away soon. I hope the fore deck house (where my cabin is) doesn't go too. The bulkhead is creaking pretty badly, but I am on the leeward side. The ship is rolling a lot worse now; I can hardly stand up. The fourth mate went into the wheelhouse a few minutes ago. During an extra heavy roll he fell on his back. He wasn't much hurt, but he got rather peeved because we hung on and laughed at him.

Well, I must desist for a short spell as I have to go up to the Radio room

Winners of Feature Prizes



CARL CLEMENT



ELSIE YOUNG

Above are pictured the winners of The Gateway Feature Competition. Carl Clement has won the prize for the best serious feature, Elsie Young for the best humorous feature. Below is the letter received by The Gateway from Dr. W. H. Alexander, who kindly gave his services as judge of the competition:

January 9, 1929.

Sir,—In fulfilment of my promise to act as judge in the feature-writing contest announced in your issue of October 18, I am herewith submitting my report. I am willing to agree in advance that, like all judgments, it is probably wrong. I merely mention this amiable disposition on my part before rendering my decision, to avoid, as far as possible, any annoyance that decision may provoke. Of course, the joke may be on me; there

and try to get a radio compass bearing. They tried to take soundings a while ago, but the sounding lead and tube got caught around the starboard propeller. They abandoned the idea after two leads went the same way. They always have to fall back on the radio, don't they?

(Note: The rest of this letter was written from Halifax, Dec. 1st, and is as follows.)

We're here! and safely tied up alongside of the dock. It really is a wonder though. Last night the storm got worse and we certainly got tossed around for a while. The engineers all thought that we were going to founder. Still, they have the worst part of it way down in the bowels of the ship. I was kept busy most of the night getting bearings from VAV (Chebucto Head). I also had a number of messages to get off relative to the amount of damage done the ship. I must have looked rather funny as I had an awful job to keep from getting pitched out of my chair. It was necessary to wind my legs around the desk, and to hold on with my left hand, while I sent out messages with my right. The seas were breaking right over the radio room, and the floor was afloat. Water was coming in through the bulkhead doors, ventilators, ports, and everything else. I went down into my cabin to find my bunk full of water again, and everything movable had been pitched out and was floating on the floor. The bathroom and alleys had about a foot of water over their floors.

About nine p.m. the ship got out of control. The waves tossed her all over the ocean and whirled her about like a top. To make matters worse it started to snow. The seas absolutely wrecked the after part of the ship and the engineers' rooms. The lifeboats were smashed.

The fifth engineer was lying on his lounge when a huge sea struck the bulkhead and smashed it in. The glass from the port was driven across his cabin with terrific velocity, and it almost struck him. His bunk, cupboard, lockers, etc., were smashed to matchwood. The fifth crawled out of his room shaking like a leaf. It

may be no annoyance. I may prove to be the seventy-seventh reincarnation of King Hamurabi.

As to the winner among serious articles I wish to name

"What's Wrong With the University" by C.W.C., in the issue of December 14. As the winner among comic-better make that "humorous"—features I designate

"The Tide Turns"

by Y, in the issue of Nov. 8. Now it may well be that I have quite mistaken the meaning, and hence the classification, of these articles, that C.W.C. meant his to be humorous, while Y's was designed for the consumption of the serious-minded, but anyway, that's my decision. Very likely an appeal can be taken from it to the Committee on Student Affairs.

In conclusion, let me thank you for constituting me sole judge. The amount of time which the average individual has to sacrifice in order to make his judgment appear to agree with that of two, five, twenty-three, or a thousand other persons for whose opinions he really has no respect, is beyond calculation. Envidia Mussolini!

Very sincerely yours,
W. H. ALEXANDER.

THE FIREPLACE

Tell—do the shadows sleep? They are awakened—lo the flame. They shudder—ah—they creep Haggard and bent and lame Back from the fire.
Look in the sparks—the crimson waves—
The flush—the sighing of a thousand slaves—
To our one lone desire—
Look—'round outside the world is clad in white,
But here—the snow has fled away,
The fire has made an eve of May
Within the winter's night.

is miraculous that he wasn't killed. He must certainly have been if he had been lying on his bunk instead of his lounge. All of the engineers' rooms were smashed to pieces and their personal effects were ruined. The men down in the engine-room had the worst of it, as they expected to go down any minute. The suspense down there must be terrible, as they never know what is coming next.

A survey of the damage shows that about thirty feet of bulkhead on the port side was stove in, the deck house (aft) was torn loose, the port lifeboats and chocks were smashed, the engineers' quarters were wrecked and minor damage such as bent rails was sustained.

MORE ABOUT WOMEN

A Defense Of An Editorial

By E. M. J.

This week we return once more to the discussion of women, not because we wish to, but because we are goaded to do so. In the last issue of this paper there appeared an editorial entitled, "Feminine Emancipation"; and, since its appearance, the co-eds have been in arms (in the metaphorical sense, this time). Poor creatures! Why should they take offense at such an editorial, so manifestly complimentary and helpful in its purpose.

It seems that man cannot be kind to woman—she makes it impossible. She realizes her sad inferiority, and, when man finds it necessary, at long intervals, to reproach her about something, the fitness of the reprobation stings her, and she fights back blindly, instead of accepting her lesson in the spirit in which it is given. Was it not Aristotle who said that man is superior and woman inferior: "The courage of man is in commanding, the courage of woman is in obeying." . . . "In the words of the poet, 'Silence is a woman's glory.'" But, alas, she is seldom glorious.

After having written a few editorials about women—kindly, helpful editorials, mind you—and having experienced the women's ungrateful, even hysterical wrath, we have come to a few conclusions. We have learned a few lessons on the psychology of the charming creatures. Chief among these is the conviction that woman will not be advised. If, on rare occasions, she makes herself ridiculous, she cannot bear to be ridiculed. She will face open insult, indignant reproof and impassioned condemnation far more calmly than she will suffer to be laughed at. If there is a man among us who wants to be hated by all womankind, let him move among the ladies with a smile upon his lips. They will not stand a smile—no, not even a kindly smile.

Insulted ladies have spoken to us in poisonously sweet tones about last week's editorial. They are insulted because someone dared to say that "sex is still the dominating influence in woman's life." But isn't that a compliment? If we were a woman, we would feel pleased at such a statement recognizing that our mind was fully concerned with the chief function of our being. Of course, there is sex, and sex—sex in the nobler sense, and sex in the despicable sense.

Until women show more skirt and less limb, more dress and less neck, more skin and less "complexion", man cannot help but surmise that "woman's thought is still dominated by the primal and all-enveloping urge of sex." They not only show that sex is their chief thought, but they also try to make their sex the chief thought of man.

At the beginning we said that we have been goaded into writing this editorial. We were goaded by the unthinking wrath of women assaulting us for having written about Feminine Emancipation. But, E.M.J. did not write that editorial. We would have it understood that everything written by E.M.J. always bears his initials.

—E. M. J.

THE SOW'S EAR

(A COLUMN FOR THE CEREBRATE)

In response to an almost universal demand for more of those thrilling sagas of the sea which have made the name of N. M. Hay famous, we have obtained, at tremendous pecuniary loss, one of the most typical productions of his art; a short story redolent of brine—take it with a pinch.

SEA URCHINS

By N. M. Hay (Noo Moan)

I am deeply indebted, in fact gratitude lies heavy on my soul like Thermogene on a baby's bosom, for this simple yarn of the boundless main to my one-time fellow barnacle, Midship swain, S. H. ("Clothes Hoise") McGuggan, sometime rear-guard of the Royal Horse Marines. To him this simple chanty of the brine is with sufficient respect dedicated, and wherever he is, Pneumone Heigh, with whom he swam the seven seas together, wishes him a hearty binnacle and a stout spanker.

Our stout ship the good old "El Toro" lay luffed and hove-to in stays while the monsoon whistled wearily through the fore gallant topsail jib and moaned along the taffrail scuppers. For months on end the old bark had been becalmed off the Idaho coast. We had keel hauled and keel hauled, but to no avail. At last up sprang the captain from the poop deck, tipping back his sou-wester, and shifting his quid, he yelled in a

voice that shivered her timbers from stem to stern: "Avast and belay, ye lubbers, or I'll swat ye on the poop wi' a marlin'spike." Up sprang our bos'un, a stout Aberdonian. Taking a tight reef in his pants and a close grip of a belaying pin he advanced on all fours along the mizzen shrouds. At this juncture the first mate, languidly polishing the door knob on the jib boom, turned round to spit at an enormous barnacle hovering near-by, and saw the tense scene being enacted on the poop. With a guttural cry he swung himself through the try-sail shrouds, and with the agility of a one-armed capstan swung himself over the companion-rail and hove-to in the galley. One loyal midship mite, H. M. Neigh, was feeding the larboard dog watch; he was startled by the braying of the donkey engine.

"Mutiny, begad," roared he, in his rich meso-falsetto. Seizing a pin-nace in either hand he bowled aft to succor his beloved captain. Placing his back to the mainmast, and a hobbled boot on the Aberdonian's stern, he sent the treacherous bos'un down the hold. Now the stern face of the captain relaxed, and with a bead of emotional moisture on his starboard lip he roared in a voice that shook her from prow to poop: "Well, I'll be eternally scuppered." In the third watch the attention of all hands was gripped by a scream from the galley, and the cook appeared with a baby and a box of cigars. A pale grin broke through his drawn visage. "Boys," he simpered, "this is one on me." The crew broke down and wept at this touching example of the glory of motherhood, out there on the barren waists back of the great beyond, separated from all that they loved by the boundless pea-green ocean. Out of the lee scuppers crawled the bos'un, tears scurrying down his furrowed cheeks. "Caulk my timbers," he sobbed; "yoho for the sea urchin."

This is only one of the many adventures which befall a ship's officer on a square-rigged barquentine when Aeolus blows on the Red Ensign. However, enough's enough.

AREOPERIMETER.

MEMORY

By M.

Priscilla came into my room yesterday morning looking thoughtful—that is, thoughtful for her. Under that curly, disordered mop of hers she appeared to be doing some thinking.

"Why so pensive, old dear?" said I. "Sit down and try to look happy." She sat down, and we began to discuss such things as the coming exams, and last week's dance. For a while, I thought I was not going to be enlightened as to the source of her deep thought, when suddenly she burst out:

"Saw a man today."

"Did you? Well, well! Over in the Arts?"

"No!"—most emphatically—"down town. Haven't seen him for ages, it must be three or four years. Met him at the lake one summer when I was in high school."

"Ah!" said I, scenting a romance. "And he and his wife used to take me out in their canoe often,—they were awfully good to me. But isn't it strange how you forget people? If I hadn't met him, I mightn't have thought of either of them again—ever."

"Yes," I said, "I sometimes forget people and almost don't know them when I meet them again."

"You know," Priscilla went on, "that started me thinking about memory and what a wonderful thing it is. Sometimes we'll forget something quite important for years, and then some little incident will recall it to us. Why, even meeting that man has brought back so much of that summer that I might otherwise have forgotten altogether."

"Yes, that's right," I agreed, "but have you ever had an incident almost recall something to your mind, but not quite? That has happened to me several times, and it is most annoying; because once I have started to remember I like to finish remembering."

"Yes, I have done that, too," she said. "The harder you try to 'dig' into your memory, the more it slips away, and yet if you try to forget it, just enough haunts you to make you want to remember. Talking about

things haunting, did you ever have the tune of one song running in your head until it bothered you dreadfully and still you couldn't get rid of it?"

"Oh, my, yes! Sometimes at night when I'm trying to sleep, that happens. Sometimes, though, a song will bring back a host of memories, and so will a perfume, or even a certain phrase you've forgotten, or looking at an old dress."

"Or reading over old letters," mused Priscilla. "Isn't it wonderful how the doors of our memories remain locked for years, and then when some trifling incident opens them we are shown details of things that happened simply ages ago? Yes, memory is a wonderful thing," she said, getting up from her chair, "but

(Continued on page six)

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SPORTS



WRESTLERS AND BOXERS AH-OY!

Ned Ambrose New President—
Dr. Hardy Coach—March
8 Date for Meet

A delegation from the Boxing and Wrestling Club which approached Dr. Hardy was exceptionally fortunate in securing his services as boxing instructor for the coming season. Dr. Hardy knows the game from the inside and his knowledge has not been gained from books. As a title-holder in the army during the war he ably demonstrated his skill and ability, and but for minor injuries received in the war would still be a very doughty opponent for anyone in this locality. Certainly he more than qualifies for his position as University boxing instructor. Under his tutelage training will commence at once, and any aspirants for University titles should get their names in early.

The wrestling instructor has not as yet been announced, but the announcement will be made in the very near future. In the meantime there is plenty of room to train.

On account of the pressure of other duties Mr. Fred Hess has been forced to resign the presidency of the Boxing and Wrestling Club. Mr. Ned Ambrose has been appointed to succeed him, and has announced that, in spite of the lateness of the season a wrestling and boxing tournament will be held in the Varsity gymnasium in the not too distant future. It is altogether likely that credits will be obtainable for C.O.T.C. and P.T. classes for those who wish to train with the club. The new president further announced that the equipment is available for immediate use, and starting next week regular work-outs will be held on two or three nights of the week. Arrangements are being made to secure competent instructors, and it is altogether probable that these will be forthcoming in the near future.

At the present time the talent in the student body is an unknown quantity, but such old-timers as Mike Hofbauer, Ernie Lewis, Bob Hill, Woods, Dick and Scully are expected out in full force. An array of new material should be forthcoming. It is rumored that two short-course Aggies, Cliff Doyle and Gourlay, are good, and it is to be hoped that they will turn out. All who are interested should sign the slips on the bulletin boards and enable the club to get away to a good start.

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102nd STREET

Varsity Loses Hockey Fixture To Maple Leafs on Tuesday

Score 9-5—Coach Bill Broadfoot Turns Out With His Team—Last Saturday's Game Resulted in Elk Victory, 6-3

In a game at the Rink on Tuesday night that showed flashes of good hockey as far as Varsity was concerned, the Maple Leafs slipped in five goals in a row in the third period, and defeated the Green and Gold 9-5. With twenty seconds to go in the final period, Gilly Levell, Varsity's best forward, decided that the score was just a little too lopsided and all he did was to bang in two goals. He couldn't have put in any more in such a short space of time, and incidentally, the same Gills scored four of his team's five goals. Varsity's other goal came as a result of a pretty effort by Buchanan at the end of the second period, when he took a long shot at Castagner, and then flashed in like lightning to snap in his rebound, leaving the Maple Leafs goalies with no chance in the world to save.

Varsity Fades Again

The Green and Gold team drooped and faded like the proverbial lily in the third period of Tuesday night's game. For the first forty minutes of play they gave the Leafs a real battle, and they certainly had the edge of the play in the period. However, in the last twenty minutes the Green and Gold defence and attack crumbled badly, and Ross in the Varsity nets was left at the mercy of the barber-pole sharpshooters.

Ross Was Good

Ross, as a matter of fact, gave a fine exhibition in goal, and of the nine goals scored on him at least seven were earmarked for the cage, and he had no chance to stop them. He came out of his goal time and time again to smother a Leaf attack that had crashed through the Varsity defence. In the second period a sizzler from Carver's stick hit Ross on the temple and laid him out on the ice. He showed plenty of spirit, however, and resumed his position, although he seemed somewhat dazed for the remainder of the game.

Coach Bill Broadfoot got into the game, and although not in the pink of condition, yet his addition put spirit into the team.

How They Happened

Here's how the goals happened, and they happened in bunches. The first session was but ten minutes old when on a pretty individual rush Levell opened the scoring. There was no further scoring during the period.

In the second period Varsity adopted a three-man defense. Again Gilly Levell put the Green and Gold two up when he shot and hit Castagner high on the shoulder and it rolled over his shoulder into the goal.

This was enough for the Leafs, and they went to work in earnest and scored four in a row. Varsity fought back, and scored another before the period ended.

Five in a Row

The third session saw the Leafs start on another rampage when they went to work and scored, not four, but five in a row, making the score

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9-3. Gilly Levell then set out to win the game himself, but failed on account of lack of time after notching two counters.

The Varsity hockey was patchy, and the defence cracked on two occasions. The striped Leafs gave a good display of combination hockey.

Elks vs. Varsity

For two periods Varsity looked good, being only one goal down with the play very even. During the second period, after a change of goalkeepers, Varsity held the Elks scoreless.

Game Starts Slow

The game started out rather slow. Varsity notching up the first score on Kelz's shot from the blue line. Phil Maher made it one all five minutes later, and then the Elks took the lead with two rapid tallies, Geo. Dame dropping one and Stan Ferris the other with a shot from centre that dribbled along the ice for the whole distance.

The second period made things look more hopeful when Levell stick-handled through the entire Elks team for the prettiest goal of the evening.

Third All For Elks

The third period was all to the Elks. Kinney scored just after the face-off, and assisted nicely with a pass to Esdale about halfway through the period. Five minutes from the final bell Esdale snared another, to make it 6-3.

Buchanan played his best game this season, with the rest of the team playing their usual game.*

MEN'S BASKETBALL BEGINS FRIDAY

Two Games Billed—Seniors and Intermediates Against the Y

On Friday evening at 8:00 p.m., the Varsity's men's basketball teams, both senior and intermediate, will begin their season of 1929, the intermediates playing first. Both teams are entered in the city leagues of their class.

The Y.M.C.A. is furnishing the opposition in both cases.

In the senior league, Varsity is scheduled to play seven games in all. Much promising material is being displayed in the practices to date. Brynildson is showing an uncanny ability to drop it in the hoop. Shandro, Greenlee and Macbeth are expected to shine as of old. This man Gowan also is picked to grab his share of the limelight, though a newcomer in the senior ranks. In all, at least twenty men have been trying for a place on the lineup. No definite lineup has been announced, but it is expected that most will be familiar to basketball fans.

Intermediates

The intermediates, who tangle with the "Y" Blues, are also confident of a strong team to represent the Green and Gold. Coach Sterling, who has been training the boys this year, has introduced a more effective and new style of play which is expected to bring results. There will be four games in the intermediate league—two at home and two overtown.

Intercollegiate Games

Alberta will play two home games in the Intercollegiate series, which should stir up much interest, since both Manitoba and Saskatchewan have always fielded strong team in the past.

READY AGAIN



BILL SHANDRO

Well known to rugby followers, who is ready to star at basketball on Friday night.

LADIES' HOCKEY AT COVERED RINK

Tonight at 8 p.m., Varsity Girls Will Meet Monarchs

Don't forget to be on hand tonight at the Covered Rink, folks! The Varsity Girls' Hockey team meet the Monarchs tonight in the first of four games for the Misener Cup, and a little support from the student body will be greatly appreciated.

Coach Red McLean and his assistant, Bob Prittie, have been putting the girls through their paces regularly, and fans can be assured that the University will be well represented. The girls are indeed handicapped through lack of time—the abrupt closing of the University put a decided crimp in the training schedule. But for the past two weeks they have been hard at it again, and are working valiantly for a victory.

Monarchs Good

The Monarchs are said to be quite as strong as last year. Moreover they have had the advantage of a long season of steady practice together. It will therefore take no mean effort on the part of the Varsity girls to defeat this formidable team. But it is heartening to know that this year's team is altogether the best which Varsity has yet produced. The struggle will assuredly be close.

The proceeds of the game will be turned over to the co-eds to be used to help finance the trip to Winnipeg in February. The girls deserve our whole-hearted support—financial and otherwise. Will you be there at 8 o'clock tonight?

Varsity's lineup will probably be: Goal: Betty Wallace.

Defence: Cal Ross, Ursula McLatchie.

Forwards: Helen Higgs, Kae Campbell, Dot Sproule, Kae Burgess, Gert Connors, Laura Gourlay, Kae Craig.

The Hockey

(Written, not by Homer, but by another man of the same name.)

Then did fleet-skated So-and-So strike the rounded rubber with his well-wrought stick, so that it went straight for the well-netted goal of the College. It struck it, nor did it miss, and would have entered, had not keen-eyed Ross interposed his good ashen stick, and stopped it, so that it glanced afar off. Then did much-weighting Broadfoot obtain the rounded puck, and would have scored a goal, but grey-eyed Athene appeared in the guise of May.

Then said Broadfoot in his heart and mind: "Surely it is better to pass the black disc to May, nor try to score goals every time."

Thus thinking, he passed the puck, but owl-faced Athene vanished, nor was she still present. Then, by using his fleet skates, he managed to again obtain possession of the coveted caout-chouc, but at this moment Such-and-Such introduced his good ashen stick between his well-wrought skates, so that his knees were loosed, and he fell in the powdery snow.

Now came the bear-eyed referee to him, saying, "Truly hast thou attempted to snatch away that good stick with thy cheating skates; therefore get thee off the ice for the period of five minutes, neither return before the time is up."

Then was glorious Broadfoot wroth and he cried out, spoke a word, and uttered it aloud: "Verily is this game framed, nor is it fairly played. For not only has keen-eyed Athene utterly deceived me, but the diagonally-

SPORTING SLANTS

A suggestion was heard at the rink Tuesday night that the nets be loosened. This might well be undertaken, as the nets now are stretched so tight that a hard shot rebounds on to the ice and it is very difficult for the spectator to see whether a goal has been scored or not.

Varsity's second string forward line did not prove very effective against the Leafs. The three relief men didn't seem to get going whenever they took the ice.

Coach Bill Broadfoot felt as if he had played a whole game after the first twenty minutes.

Ross deserves credit for his improved showing. Dr. Hardy gave him a few pointers at Monday night's practice, and Ross seems to have benefitted. One thing was noticeable: the way he used his hands.

Montgomery made his appearance after a siege on the sick-bed. He will bear watching.

All lovers of the squared circle will be pleased to hear that boxing and wrestling is to be rescued from oblivion.

It is rumored that a sock in the hand is worth two on the feet, and a belt in the ribs worse than one around the waist, so step up, fellows, and show your stuff.

Now that Gene Tunney has put the stamp of approval on the manly art from the standpoint of the aristocracy, not to mention the intelligence, the boys should have no hesitancy in putting on the padded gloves for fear of appearing bourgeois.

We are sorry to hear that Lee Cameron has accepted a lucrative offer from the Montreal Maroons. Although the jump from intercollegiate to professional ranks is a rather big one, Mr. Cameron feels confident of making the grade.

Senior Girls Fail to Quell Professors in Basketball

Big Crowd Sees Tremendous Struggle in Upper Gym Thursday Night—Score was 39-39—Sterling and Peto Show Up Well

The battle of Beauty vs. Brains is still undecided. After forty minutes of hard playing, the best the Varsity girls' senior basketball team could do was to hold the aged but agile professors to a tie, 39-39, when they met in the Varsity gym on Thursday night, January 10.

It was a game that held a large crowd spellbound. The fans got plenty of amusement watching the performance, but it was a surprise to all the vigor with which the learned gentlemen entered into the spirit of the contest and gave all they had. The palmy days of most of them lie behind them; years have passed since they were the high school and college athletic heroes, but they are still sports enough to come out and try again, and they did well. The students naturally took great delight in observing the foibles of the older generation, so infallible in the classroom, but they will not soon forget the example of real sportsmanship that the professors gave them. And they made the girls go their hardest to save themselves from defeat.

Humorous Features Many

Many humorous features enlivened the game. In introducing the members of the newly-organized squad of professors, Bill Janzen described each man in such apt terms that the gallery were in fits of laughter. The fans now know everything of the personal history of all of them. The personnel of the squad is: Dr. Rowan, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Galbraith, Dr. Walker, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Peto, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Sterling, Dr. Warren, Dr. Wyatt, Dr. Vango, Mr. Strickland, and Brother Philip.

The Profs. made a valiant start, Peto sinking a nice shot a moment after the opening. The girls retaliated without delay, however, when "Tommy" Palmer made a beauty from centre floor to even things up. This roused Wally Sterling's ire, so he added four points to the Profs' column by brilliant play.

A moment later the crowd got a great kick out of a foul called on Peto for "hugging."

Combination Down Pat The professors by now had evolved a system of combination that had the girls fooled, and they were able to

HOUSE LEAGUE

The response to the call for players has been far short of that before the holidays. Enough have signed up to fill the lineups of four teams, which will be captained by Bentley, Wintermute, Holowaychuk and McLurg. The schedule will commence as soon as possible.

seeing referee is making it worse. Surely I will refrain from playing this game longer. Let the faint-seeing referee and the whole team go to the house of Hades."

Thus he spoke, and went to the well-built dressing-room, and there was no comfort for him, nor did he cease from his grief.—The College Times.

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climb ahead to 12-8 at the end of the quarter.

Different Story in Second

The second quarter told a slightly different story. The girls struck their customary stride at once and were not to be denied. In fact, they began to rain shots on their opponents' basket at such a rate that the poor men became positively frantic. They rushed hither and thither in vain attempts to stem the tide of the attack, but even with a complete change of line-up they did no better than to keep the girls contented with a 19-17 advantage with which to enter the second half.

Dr. Vango stepped into the lime-light a few minutes after the commencement of the third spasm, when he dropped in two baskets from close in. Coach Sterling succeeded in adding two more. In spite of this they thought it worthwhile once more to change the complete line-up. However, the second group held their own very nicely, and with the aid of Peto advanced the standing to 31-27 in their own favor. This was the score at the third interval.

Had Profs Gasping

The girls again refused to stay down under and started on the fourth period with such a burst that they soon had the Profs. gasping to find themselves on the small end of a 35-31 count. Peto and Sterling, however, saved the day by making up enough counters to put the teams on an equal basis at the closing bell.

Will Go to Coast

The gate receipts of Thursday night's game go to swell the fund necessary to secure the girls' passage to the Pacific Coast for their games there this March. Thanks to the response, the trip will now be well provided for, and the U. of A. will be able to show the westerners that Rugby is not the only sport that flourishes in this great province.

Line-Ups

Prof's: Guards, Warren, Galbraith, Wyatt (2), Brother Philip, Rowan; forwards, Peto (12), Vango (4), Cassels; centres, Sterling (21), Strickland.

Girls: Guards, Ethel Barnett (1), Margaret Kinney (2), Barbara Linke, Vada McMahon (4); forwards, Doris Calhoun (2), Vera Palmer (10), Josie Kopta (6), Winogene Brandow (4); centre, Gladys Fry (10).

Referee: W. T. Tait.

Scorer: M. B. B. Crookford.

Timer: Marg. Morrison.

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MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Or
When Ignorance is Bliss

By K.

It happened during the holidays. You who go home for Christmas do not realize how pleasant a time we have, whom fate for some reason keeps here; perhaps you pity us and send us cake and Christmas cards; perhaps you invite us to spend the vacation with you; but whether you take active steps to relieve our misery or not, you are quite convinced that your absence from these halls make them very dull and lonely. Well, you are wrong; indeed, so wild a time do we have, so many entertainments must we attend, that by the end of the holidays we are as much in need of a vacation as you are who come dead-beat from your homes.

Miss Sophia Hildebrand

It happened that at this particular entertainment, about which my tale centers, the main attraction for a great part of the evening was the exquisite singing and piano-playing of one Miss Sophia Hildebrand. In that respect like us, Miss Hildebrand was a guest at the home at which we had been invited for the evening. The fame of her voice and playing being widespread, it was natural that, shortly after dinner, we retired in a body to the music-room to listen to her. We were all charmed. Her voice was rich, pulsating, clear as a bell, sweet as perfume. Her playing was a marvel of technique, and yet so practised and easy a manner did she have that the most beautiful and complicated music flowed from her fingers without semblance of effort, easy, natural. Her choice of melody was wide, appealing to us all. Her form and figure were beautiful, her manners polished and attractive. But above all, she was noted for the time in her music; it passed the mechanically perfect; it gathered speed and lost way with the feeling of the composer; by her timing she interpreted the music; by her timing she made the composer live and speak; her timing was her greatest achievement, it was perfect. We were so charmed with the harmony she poured into our souls that, when our kind hostess suggested bridge it was with considerable reluctance that we broke up the ring around Miss Hildebrand. When she offered to remain at the piano and play for us while we fought over the bridge tables, we accepted her proposal unanimously, eagerly, delightedly.

Music and the Savage Beast

It so happened that there were ten of us at the party. Now, I am no bridge expert, and while I like a game, I am very hesitant about playing with people that are. I therefore immediately offered to be the odd one that would not play. After some

difficulty I managed to persuade the others that I would really prefer not to join in the game. Having succeeded finally, I went into the adjoining music-room intending to listen to our fair companion at the piano. There I found George busy hunting among a big pile of music for a certain piece she wanted. I explained matters to him, and offered to take his place and occupation. Now George is extremely fond of bridge, so much so, indeed, that he makes himself a positive nuisance around residence beginning for a game; furthermore he had never hitherto showed the slightest appreciation of music. Imagine, therefore, my surprise when he said: "No, you go ahead and play; I'll be the odd man tonight." With these words he turned again to the pleasant duty he was performing, and, after failing in renewed efforts to draw him away, I left the two together and reluctantly took the place left vacant for him.

Distraction

My first game was not well played. By the time I realized that if we had all been enamoured of the wonderful skill and voice of the pianist George had become still more enamoured of her form, face and manners, the bidding was over and I had passed consistently with seven high spades in my hand. By the time I had ceased to wonder at the marvel of any girl reaching George's heart our opponents had the first game, and I had forgotten to trump twice when I should have.

It seemed, however, that the playing of the others was little better. And no wonder! how could anyone be expected to keep his mind on the cards when from the next room floated such rich harmony and melody as we had thought no mortal might ever hear? If we talked at all during deals it was only in whispers and for an odd word or so. Interest in conversation at our table rose appreciably only when our hostess, Charley's partner, informed us that Miss Hildebrand, played by written music only, and was quite helpless at the piano without music to play by. But we kept on, wearily it seemed, game and game, rubber after rubber. Sometimes she in whose talents we were finding our real entertainment would ask us if we had heard enough. We echoed one another: "No," and the music went on, rich in its harmony, faultless in its time.

"How Soon Hath Time"

It was wonderful, the time in her music, wonderful, marvellous, indescribable, incomprehensible. It seemed to pick one up, carry one away as if in a dream. It left no want, no lack. When her busy fingers stopped for a moment while she changed to another piece the time of the last still went on and mingled, effortless, with that of the next. It was in our souls. We felt that if there should once be a break in it, an uneven beat, a delayed syncope, the end of the world would be at hand.

And then, suddenly, it happened—it, the worst possible. There was a jarring discord, a pair of uncertain, hesitating notes, a slight pause, and then the stream of harmony flowed on again, a little nervously at first, but soon picking up its grace and easy movement. The effect on us all was immense. I dropped a trump on my partner's ace; the gentleman on my left, balancing on the back legs of his chair while his partner played their hands, nearly upset; Charley, now moved to the other table, seized a glass of water and gulped it down hurriedly. The music had been con-

tinued for some time before we regained our composure.

Again

And then it happened again in almost exactly the same manner. It was absolutely devastating to us this time; our morale was shattered; we were relieved when our pianist appeared between the curtains formerly concealing her from us, and told us she was too tired to play any more. She went home, alone, before the game was over.

The party soon broke up. Charley, George, and I walked back together over the High Level bridge. On the way, we were all rather quiet, thinking over the events of the evening. George spoke at length once. He said:

"You know, I made quite a hit with Miss Hildebrand. I didn't get much chance to talk to her; but she knows I'm educated. And she thinks I understand music. I was wishing tall through the evening that I could read notes, so as to know when to turn over the sheet for her. At last I got an idea; I took out my watch and counted how many seconds it took her to play a sheet. You get the idea: as soon as she started a new sheet I timed her and turned it over for her when she wanted it. I just had it going fine when she stopped. Pretty good scheme, eh? She thinks I can read music now."

Charley and I grunted—and the rest of the walk back was silent for us, save for the crunching of snow under our feet, and the melodies still floating in our heads.

NATURE

Little wisps of things,
Clouds on the spring sky,
Leaves on budding trees,
Mark the winter passing by.

The first blooming
Of a crocus on the hill,
Heralds that the course of Nature
Is not standing still.

If one plus one makes two,
And one and one should marry;
How, then, could one plus one be
two
With an extra one to carry?

THE HERO

By O. R. Wray

It was raining to beat the band the day we hit Cairo. Most un-Egyptian weather, I hear you say. To which I reply that Egypt had nothing at all to do with the occasion. For I was referring to Cairo, Michigan, not the Cairo of antiquity.

Due to our chosen means of transportation we were compelled to get off at the machine shops of the Michigan Central and walk up, over or through half a mile of muddy road, to the station. We arrived here, hopeful as ever, and after squeezing what water we could out of our saturated garments, grouped ourselves around the waiting room stove, much, as it appeared shortly, to the vexation of the lone station agent.

Allow me to introduce the gang. There were myself and Jack, true gentlemen of the road, who had been following the harvest, and instead of going south we had ended up at this. Then there was the spig that got on at the last station. I don't remember him uttering a dozen words all the time that he was with us. And then there was the bohunk that got on with him, Paul, he told us his name was, and he was, excusing the language, the dirtiest, damndest, unwashed specimen of mankind that I ever set eyes on. In fact at the time I was glad that it was raining so hard. I figured that it was doing him good.

We had just taken full possession of the waiting room when the town cop appeared.

"Good day, gentlemen. Bad weather we're having."

We assured him that we thought so too.

"I suppose you're wondering about dry lodging for the night? Maybe a meal or two on the state of Michigan?"

We all saw what was coming, but we let on that we were too dumb to get his real meaning.

He nodded through the wicket at the station agent who formed a most interested audience to the drama, which was being enacted on us. "Glad you called me up, Jim," he said. "The old lock-up was getting kind of lonely." Turning to us he said, "Come along, boys."

So we came. We had slogged along through the mud for perhaps a block when our bohunk comrade let out a whoop and dashed for the pines. I never thought it was in him to show that speed. He was out of sight like a rabbit before the cop got his gat unlimbered.

Mr. Cop said some unmentionables, and then warned us, "There won't be two getaways." Frankly I believed him.

The upshot of it all was that we three formed a little nucleus to a party given for our benefit at Ypsilanti. The winter months being with us by the time our sentence was up, Jack and I high-tailed to the south. I don't know where the spig went, likely to Detroit.

That was four years ago. The other day I picked up a copy of the Detroit Times. There was the usual scare-head thriller starred in the headlines. "Flop House Burns Down in Chicago Water Front: Four Lives Lost: Hobo is Hero, Saving Numerous of his Fellow Wanderers." Then followed a most lurid account of the fire, stressing the part which this social waif had taken. His photograph was there. I examined it closely. There was Paul, the bohunk, grinning sheepishly at me from the page, smaller than life in the reproduction, it is true, but every whit as dirty as the last time I had seen him. I don't think he had even been out in the rain since that memorable time when he had slid out on the Cairo cop four years ago.

High Shots
and Backfires

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

Saludos Senoritas, y Senors. We are off to a new start this week with a nice new and shiny typewriter to play with. It has skeleton keys; syphon system, beer-cooled undercarriage, and, living up to engineering standards, it has four speeds ahead and won't go the other way.

Now that the Aussies have won the debate, we will not get our ten-year vacation after all, and Noel flies will not have to crawl away and die.

Way back in 1915 the girls used to show their ankles. Shorty McLean says that the show is all over now.

Moreover, it's no use Bob Mair telling us that the women can't keep away from him. He might at least try changing his seat in Math. 22.

The Electricals tells us that if humans were magnetized, and if the earth were a magnet, then when we stood on our heads we should fly off the earth because like poles repel. No wonder we feel light-headed at times!

G. N. Patterson (telling a story): "The air was bitter and cold, but it was like wine."
Bert Souch: "Your description makes it sound like beer."

Dean Boyle: "When you were in Europe, did you see the Rock of Gibraltar?"

Prof. Strickland: "Yes, but it's not what it used to be."

The Dean: "Why?"

Prof. Strickland: "The insurance ad. was gone."

S.O.S.! Help! Help! Again we extend a cordial invitation to all students in the Faculty of Applied Science to help with this column. Drop your contributions in The Gateway box.

Prof: "Why didn't you filter this solution?"
Half-pint Mooney: "I didn't think it would stand the strain."

And since a woman, generally speaking, is generally speaking, we say "adios, hasta manana," for fear that from our continued blattings you will think us of the fair sex. —FAGNIP.

SPORTING NEWS

By Their Coughs Ye Shall Know Them

One of the most fashionable and popular indoor sports of the season is influenza. Though it has not yet supplanted Badminton or Basketball, it promises to do so before the winter season ends.

The residences are now entering in the Great Inter-Residential Flu Competition. The competitors are practising vigorously. Raucous noises are constantly heard in various corridors, as teams vie with each other for supremacy.

Many of the most promising candidates who are working towards individual championships are undergoing intensive training in the infirmary gym. Some have developed a marvellous degree of skill in coughing and in raising temperatures.

The fair co-eds, although in the minority, are entering a number of worthy competitors. These all cough very well, but some deserve special mention.

The Barking Dogs have the strongest team in Pembina. The Flu fans press forward eagerly with aspirin, hot lemonade and eucalyptus.

The most stalwart player is the captain, whose heavy cough bellows down the hall like the music (?) of a deep bass drum, and must come from her boots.

Two graceful contortionists are the best whoopers. Just to hear these girls whoop'er-up, beginning with a series of fox-like barks, and ending in a blood-curdling staccato, is to send the cold shivers down your spine.

The Bed Riders are geniuses in their line, and can raise higher temperatures and weep more pathetically (without the use of onions) than any other girls on the team. They specialize in trays.

The Sniffers and Sneezers have not been practising as long as the others, so consequently have not attained the same high standards of excellence. However, with practice, they may also develop rousing coughs within a few days.

Altogether, the girls are very hopeful of gaining the honor of being the first team to win the coveted Inter-Residential Flu Cup. —E.

MEMORIA

I loved a little lass awhile,
Our love has no regret,
For what's a kiss or two in May
When we so quick forget?
And what's a promise more or less,
Or even some small token,
When we can cast the ring away
And vows are often broken?

Oh, well we loved, quite well indeed,
That little maid and I,
The stars were laughing at us both
Out of a moonless sky,
And what's a kiss or two in love,
Or promise rashly spoken,
When kisses are such fragile things
And promises are broken?

"Well, my son, did you learn anything at school today?"
"No, I have to go back tomorrow."
—Selected.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO "FEMININE EMANCIPATION"

(The writer of this article has conclusively proved what she is seeking to disprove by dropping this into The Gateway's contribution box with no name attached. Contrary to our usual policy in such cases, we publish it. It is full of current inanities, and of inanities that went out of date ten years ago. But see for yourself.)

An article in last week's Gateway contained some remarks which, if not a direct challenge to every Wauneta, is at least a good subject for an argument.

It reads that "women are fundamentally the same as they were yesterday."

This is true, for have not women of history shown their desire to gain success as do the women of today? Men always have profited by the ambition of women, and they always will.

Lincoln's Genius.

Who persuaded Abe Lincoln to consent to run for the office of President? Where would the United States be now without the aid he and indirectly his wife gave?

Women are not "searching for careers," they are merely taking the positions for which education has suited them, and which they fill at least as efficiently as do men. The "careers" indicated seem to be the ability to earn a living, and evidently the "search" has been short, sweet, snappy, and effective.

Men and Sex

The article says that the celebrated "weaker sex" are following the men, and it also mentions that sex is at present woman's greatest and all-consuming urge.

Are we then to conclude that men have successfully passed the stage when sex seems to be the most important influence of life?

I doubt that such can be the case with any between the ages of 16 and thirty-five (this being the limit of my experiences).

If Rex Beach or anyone else sees fit to believe that man as he describes him exists, I would prescribe a little male companionship to dispel the illusion.

If, however, there really is a man who thinks so little of sex, he must be either a hermit or one of those individuals who are entirely lacking in sex-appeal.

Men may not talk of sex, but "actions speak louder than words."

Our Conversation

There was another statement to the effect that men "talk on every topic under the sun," which would insinuate that women can not. I know many, myself included, who can speak intelligently on almost any topic from stock markets and machinery to educational questions, and last, but not least, sex.

If the ordinary male Varsity student can converse on a much wider range without previous study he is, of course, in a position to accuse women of having a conversationally one-track mind.

Man's Last Hope Gone

When women first took public positions, men raved and swore that it was impossible for a mere female to handle them properly. Then when this theory was punctured, the males eagerly looked for another which would prove the incompetency of girls.

Poor men! In this year of 1929 they have their backs to the wall. Their cherished opinions regarding the uselessness of girls are shattered. Nothing remains—but wait—here is something on which they can pin their drooping hopes: it is the prevalence of sex in woman.

"Oh, these women," the men exclaim, "all they talk about is sex."

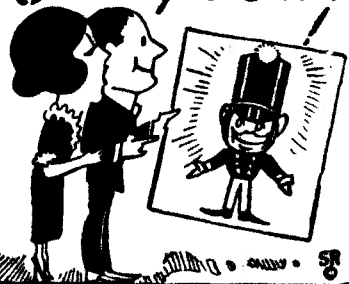
Really, girls, it's rather cruel to remove this last lonesome little bit of comfort from them.

Delaware, Ohio (IP).—Whether Ohio Wesleyan University ever will aspire to membership in the Western Football Conference is not known, but the football team which represents that school this year is a bit puffed up following reports that Coach Fielding H. Yost, of Michigan, has rated the Wesleyan aggregation at the top of the list of those faced by the University of Michigan eleven this year. Such a rating just naturally leaves the Michigan coach in the position of saying that Ohio Wesleyan is better than Ohio State, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and the Navy. Of course, Yost is a former Wesleyan coach, and that may subject him to some degree of prejudice in Wesleyan's favor, but a number of Ohio Conference schools are ready to verify the opinion. Wesleyan has won every game this year, with the exception of one, and has on its belt the scalps of both Michigan and Syracuse. It remained for Wittenburg to defeat the Methodists 7 to 6 last Saturday.



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COLUMBINES

By G.N.P.

The party had just returned from a fall hunting trip through the mountain wilderness near Jasper Park. They laughed heartily as they recounted various events of the trip. The fire blazed brightly, throwing back the dark shadows to the edge of the clearing. Far across the valley of the Athabasca River glimmered the lights of a small town.

Two months before they were strangers. Now a silence fell upon them as they realized that the comradeship they had enjoyed throughout the trip was about to come to an end.

The packer lighted his pipe and gazed thoughtfully at the rising moon. The guide threw a stick of wood on the fire, then resumed his place. The hunter broke the silence.

"I have hunted in many parts of the Rockies, but never have I seen so many flowers as I have this fall. The country seems to be filled with them. There were columbines around every corner and in every hollow."

The guide looked up quickly.

"Columbines are common here," he said. "But there is a beautiful simplicity about them. To the person interested in nature there is nothing more pleasant than to watch them in some secluded hollow, waving their yellow heads in the wind, and faintly rustling as their long stems swing to and fro in the tall grass."

"It is even possible that the observer will imagine that rustle as a whisper—just as if they were telling him something. And they do speak to him, as all nature does. To hear them, however, is to understand nature."

These words from the guide raised no comment. They were characteristic of him, for his knowledge and understanding of nature, which was of unusual extent, had given him wider reputation as a naturalist than as a guide.

The guide continued. "Ten years ago, as a returned soldier, I began the difficult task of adapting myself to peace conditions. The city had never held any attraction for me, and I decided to be a trapper. With memories of the war still fresh in my mind, I came to this country. Here I found in nature the pleasures that made life a reality and not a nightmare of smoke and ruin."

"I can remember quite clearly the day I discovered an army of columbines in a ravine not far from a cabin which I had just completed. Never had I seen so many flowers before! In thousands they marched up the centre of the ravine on the banks of a turbulent creek and disappeared among the gigantic spruce trees that towered high above them. Here and there little squadrons dashed up the sides of the ravine, some well in advance and others straggling behind. As the wind came

gently down the ravine, I heard the faint rustling.

"No doubt it was a fancy of mine, but I believed they spoke a message. The idea was no sooner considered than I was interrupted by my dog Pal, who came bounding up. With a few sharp barks he raced around me and started back to the cabin. He had news. I followed him at a moderate rate, though I required the utmost restraint to do so, for I was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing a human being after a solitary two months in the wilderness."

"Rounding a bend in the trail a man, head hanging and shoulders drooped, rode slowly on a tired horse. At sight of the cabin he raised his head. In a moment he slid from his horse and started weakly in my direction."

"'Mighty lucky to find you here,' he murmured. 'Don't suppose I could have made your other cabin.'"

"I helped him to the cabin and laid him in my bunk. A quick examination revealed an ugly gash in his side. His clothes were badly torn. As I worked over him I noticed he had fallen asleep."

"At this juncture a startling realization stopped me. There was only a day's supply of grub in the cabin, and what I had of my first-aid kit was at the other cabin ten miles back. Here was a real difficulty. I had to have both, the sooner the better, and yet how could I leave the man? When I had done all I could for him I had fully decided that I'd have to get them at once. I saddled Brownie and motioned Pal to stay I started off."

"A greyness had settled around when I reached the cabin. A cold wind was rising from the north, and black clouds were fleeing southward. It was September, and I knew that our first snow was due. Though the trail back was almost new to me I was confident that Brownie could keep to it. I remounted and turned back. The driving wind roared more furiously through the spruce. Big drops of cold rain came lashing against my face."

"Have you ever spent a night alone among the spruce with a wind raging in all its fury overhead? The moaning of the bending trees, the creaking of the tall timber and the snapping of the boughs, all culminate in an impression of the resistless power of nature. A sense of depression came over me, but Brownie's confident steps reassured me."

"Suddenly the trail swung out into an open valley. Out in the open we met the storm, a whirling blizzard. After a moment's hesitation, I turned back, for I knew it was easier to follow the timber-line than to try to make headway through that blizzard. In either case the trail was lost. When it seemed that we had been travelling for ages, Brownie began to show signs of weakness. The cold wind had almost exhausted him. I reined in."

"Just when despair had cast me to the depths of dejection, I made my discovery."

"I stood at the edge of a snow-white clearing, and at Brownie's feet, under the protection of a spruce, I saw a group of yellow columbines. Then in a flash I recognized the ravine. It was no time then before we had reached the cabin."

"Three days passed before the blizzard ceased, and during this time my patient, who was a prospector, began to show progress."

"That was how I learned the message of faith that the columbines whisper."

Here the guide ceased. The packer was starting into the night with eyes that glistened curiously. Suddenly he turned to the guide.

"I remember it all. That was the time I had a bad fall while climbing and rode for two days before I reached you. And after I left I often thought of the trapper who saved my life that fall, but I never saw him again."

Holding his hand out to the guide he said simply, "I was that prospector."

T. P. R.

(University Student Hospital Nurses)

Irony in the highest sense: "Why was this column absent in last week's Gateway?" "Because the T.P.R. reporters were recovering from the holidays."

Modified New Year's resolutions: Not to make any more resolutions so as not to get the chance to break them.

People you'd like to step on: Students who ask us why this column is ever written.

Reporters who empty their bright ideas into the T.P.R.

Conscientious children who call it inspirational.

Critics who don't realize that it is composed in thirty seconds.

The annual broadcast of the Symphony Orchestra took place in the Red Cross Hut on Thursday evening. The striking numbers of the program were the last orchestra selection, "The Desert Song," and Eileen Fogarty's splendid interpretation of "Comin' Through the Rye."

An informal dance was held in the Red Cross Hut on Friday, January 11, in honor of the January '29 class. The guests of honor — Edith Mills, Margarita Reed, Jean Menzies, Netty Pelechaty, Anna Kallman, Marie Ellis, Margaret Bowman, Jean Lees, and Margaret Cairns—were presented during the evening with a huge bouquet of roses.

Class '31 have decided that it pays to study anatomy. The Prof. gave an interesting lecture last Thursday on the manipulation of certain muscles to roll the eyes successfully. Ask him if it wasn't the first time every member paid attention.

COM-LAW-AG AND ARTS-PHARM WIN

Com-Law-Ag Defeat Engineers 2-0—Arts-Pharm Win From Med-Dents 2-1

On Saturday, Jan. 12, all four teams in the interfaculty hockey league swung into action and opened the league race with two fast and close games. With four of the best and most evenly matched teams seen in an interfaculty league for many a moon, the fans should see some interesting hockey before the silverware is safely tucked away.

Com-Law-Ag Victors

In the first game the Com-Law-Ag pucksters helped themselves to a 2-0 victory at the expense of the Engineers. Both teams hit up a fast clip, and it was well on in the first period before Chard put the business men ahead with a shot from close in. Maynard made it 2-0 on a pass from Chant shortly after the second period was under way. The Engineers, led by Scivers Edwards, pressed hard, but were unable to slip the frozen gypsum past Peerless Joe Cameron, who was playing a stellar game in the nets.

Maynard, Cameron and Joly all turned in good games for Com-Law-Ag, while Green and Tollington showed up well for the Engineers.

Arts-Pharm Win

The Arts-Pharmacy boys grabbed off two points when they put the skids under the Med-Dents to the tune of 2-1. This game produced better hockey than the first because the boys played their positions better. Kendall, who played a fine game for the Med-Dents throughout, opened the scoring on a long shot which completely fooled Law in the Arts-Pharm nets. This brought the drug peddlers to life, and Harrigan got the equalizer shortly before the frame closed. The second period was still young when King stick-handled through the entire Med team, slipped the puck over to Hall for that gentleman to make the score read 2-1. This concluded the scoring, and try as they might the Med-Dents couldn't even things up, due chiefly to some nice work in the nets by Law and the air-tight defence put up by Hall and Balmer. King and Hall were the pick of the winners, while Gowda and Kendall played nice hockey for the losers.

A. E. CORBETT



EXTENSION DIRECTOR TO SPEAK SUNDAY

Mr. E. A. Corbett Has Gained Wide Experience and Knowledge in Travel

Everyone should come to Convocation Hall on Sunday to hear Mr. E. A. Corbett, Director of the Department of Extension. His wide experience both before and after his time spent overseas, insure an interesting talk. During his travels he has gained a thorough knowledge of the west, and as an ardent boys' worker, the Red Cross Commissioner in Alberta and a participant in the student life of McGill, he has shown himself to be supremely interested in the youth of the country. This wide experience in student life, coupled with a clear incisive style, guarantee the kind of "live" talk he wants to hear. Don't forget!

Research in the East

(A recently discovered Papyrus is here translated for the first time.)

And at the wane of the moon the Seven Wise Men of Makk gat them together and did repair to an Holy and secret place, and did commune each with the Other, concerning the keeping of the damsels that they may not run wild. And at the head of the Seven there was one more beloved of the Lord than the rest, and his name it was a comfort to the righteous.

And the moon did six times wax and wane ere word was heard from the Seven; but at the seventh full of the moon the word was heard. And a voice spake in this wise: Know ye that in our land are damsels on the one hand, and on the other, men. Know ye also that these damsels, being approved by us, and these men also, there be not in this land, nor yet in the lands of our enemies, damsels more trusty nor men more full of faith.

Nevertheless, it is written in The Book of Time that damsels do run wild; and therefore have I and my Brethren made speech amongst us, and I do now say unto you these words, that they be a law unto you, and unto thy seed.

Around our damsels' house there shall be placed (at sundown) a girdle of strange men, picked from the land of Snan. And these men which watch shall be the most renowned in all the land of Snan.

Yet, since it is written in The Book of Time that mistakes are the common lot of men, ye shall place around this girdle a band of watchers to be a guard unto them that also watch.

And since, moreover, it is written in The Book of Time that all men be mortal, ye shall place around the watchers a girdle of men to be a guard unto them.

Thus shall ye have three trusty circles around the damsels.

Nevertheless, since well ye wot that which is written in The Book of Time, ye shall place, at sundown, a band of watchers to be a guard about them that watch.

And moreover, it being written that all men be mortal, ye shall place

(Here the manuscript becomes illegible.—Author.)
(And not before time.—Ed.)

PHILOSOPHY 23

Some tells us all we see is but a sham:
One says, "I think, and thus I know I am;"
One vows: "The mind controls the tiniest part."
Another sage declares: "It is the heart."
Bewildered by philosophy I cry:
"I know I live, I know that I must die."

I read the scoffers and am torn with doubt,
The true believers put their thoughts to rout,
So deep they delve. Groping to see the way,
One tells me "yes" the other whispers "nay."
To find the truth is hard I will admit,
Doubt still exists in spite of Holy Writ.

I only know that honest men and true
Seem to be prospered in the work they do;
Argue it o'er, to this we still return,
Life seldom gives us what we do not earn.
Philosophers may find some subtler test,
I know myself when I have done my best.

Not all the wisdom from a sage's pen
Alters this fact, that life is lived with men;
That here we are, and here we all must stay,
Until at last death summons us away.
My problem, then, is so to act that I
Shall neither be afraid to live or die.

—ANONYMOUS

College Humor

If all the students who have eight o'clock classes were hauled out of bed at six in the morning and placed side by side they would stretch—
—Montana Kaimin.

Bradley College, at Peoria, Ill., is to give \$25 for a new song. No doubt they are just beginning to re-

VARSITY BEATS LEDUC

The Varsity Intermediates pulled off another victory on Monday night when they took the Leduc sextette down the road by a score of 3-2 in an overtime game.

Both Teams Good

Gleason turned in a great game for Leduc. Law played a nice game for Varsity in the nets. It was plenty nice to see him stop the Leduc boys when they were right through. Tollington turned in a neat performance on his first intermediate game. This boy will bear watching. Batson and Maynard checked the Leduc boys to a standstill in the final overtime period, and we don't mean perhaps. Dave Nicol refereed to the satisfaction of all present (that includes the spectators, too). The lineups were as follows:

Leduc: Gleason, Shewchuck, Ego, Harrison, Willis, Bellevue, Gates, Swanson.

Varsity: Law, Gardner, Moody, Batson, Tollington, Pinckney, Greiner, Herron, Maynard.

MEMORY

(Continued from page three)

don't we overwork it around exam time?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "we make good use of it then. Do you have to go, Pris? Well, you look a little happier than when you came. Tell me, what was bothering you then?"

Priscilla stood in the doorway and again that worried look appeared on her forehead.

"Well," she said, "I've been thinking of all the fun and good times I'm having now. Maybe some day I will have forgotten it and it will turn into one of those elusive memories we were speaking of, and the more I puzzle the less I'll remember. I was thinking of that class of memories before I came in, and if that's going to happen to all my fun and good times, well, I might just as well be studying now."

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